

## SVEN HEDIN AT HOME

THE FAMOUS EXPLORER RETURNS AFTER THREE YEARS' ABSENCE.

Treated with Great Consideration by the Czar, and Given a Title by King of Sweden.

## ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

HE BRINGS BACK MANY OBJECTS OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST.

Discoveries Will Change Geography of Asia—Will Lecture and Publish Two Books.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

STOCKHOLM, July 15.—By the merest accident your correspondent happened to be on the pier when the S. S. Von Döbeln, with Sven Hedin, the famous explorer, on board, arrived at her dock. The steamer was about six hours ahead of time, having made the journey from St. Petersburg in four days; hence there was neither a reception committee nor the usual noisy crowd of admirers and sightseers. The man who made the Sweden of today a byword for courage, endurance and explorer's enterprise entered the capital of his country like an ordinary wayfarer returned from a short business or pleasure trip.

He stood on the bridge as the vessel approached the pier and if it hadn't been for his well-known lamb-skin cap and mustache I might not have recognized him. For Dr. Hedin has lost about sixty pounds in his travels and no one would take him now for a son of the blonde north, so brown is his skin. He looks almost like a maulawee.

His handshake soon convinced me that some of the old-time vigor still remains in that indefatigable body.

"I'm very well," he said, "and so are my loved ones, according to letters and dispatches I found in St. Petersburg. How are your friends?"

On the way to his home he spoke enthusiastically of his reception in Russia. "They are almost as proud of me, as if I were one of them," he said smilingly.

"I traveled nine days and nights without interruption to reach St. Petersburg," he continued, "and was more dead than alive when I got there, but the kindness of my generous hosts made me forget my weariness. The highest civil and military authorities, scientists, academicians—everybody who is anybody—called at my hotel, not merely to leave his card, but to request a personal interview and congratulate me. And in the midst of it all came a message from the Czar: 'When would you be ready to visit him for an hour or longer?'"

UNDER OBLIGATIONS TO CZAR.

"I placed myself at his Majesty's service, for I am under the greatest obligation to that kind and considerate and most generous sovereign. If it had not been for the Cossack escort with which he provided me I would never have lived to tell my story."

The Czar was much gratified when I told him of the devotion, courage and surprising adaptability of his men. You would not believe it—these sons of the steppe were of the greatest service to me even in many of my scientific observations.

"However," the Czar passed that over quickly. He had the kindness to say that it was more interesting in my personal welfare. "For this was not your last trip, doctor," he added. "You must climb the Roof of the World a third time, and believe me, I will do all in my power to aid you."

Further than that Dr. Hedin would not report on his interview with the Czar except to say that Nicholas demanded a complete epitome of his route and scientific achievements. When the explorer left the palace the Czar assured him again and again of his friendship and admiration.

"And how long have you been absent all told?" asked the correspondent.

"Just three years and three days, in which time I covered 6,500 miles heretofore unknown to modern geography."

"It was the most dangerous of all my journeys. Even now it seems sometimes impossible to me that I should have escaped the many dangers I did escape. All about me my men were dying. It seemed that I got no sooner attached to a faithful servant, horse or camel than the enemies' bullets, hunger, thirst, windstorms or frost carried him off. Ah, those were horrible experiences I passed through. In those three years I lived a lifetime—and would not like to live it over again."

## SCIENTIFIC COLLECTIONS.

Sven Hedin brings wagon-loads of scientific collections; his manuscript treasures alone fill several chests. The "Von Döbeln" carried his collection of 3,000 photographs, which he values so highly that he put them among his personal baggage. These pictures comprise all sorts of objects of outlandish interest, strange men and women, plants, landscapes, idols, houses, monuments, cities and villages. "And not one among them that is not of scientific interest," said the explorer.

Dr. Hedin's contribution to geography will be an atlas of some 1,500 pages, every line of which he drew himself. "The geographers will open their eyes wide when they see what I did see—it's all set down with minutest care."

"Your correspondent told Mr. Hedin that a new giant Steiner's Atlas had just appeared in Göttingen."

"I'm sorry for the publisher," said the doctor, "for he will have to revise his maps of Asia very considerably. In fact, I'm afraid certain portions of them will have to be redrawn altogether."

As the most valuable of his finds, Dr. Hedin regards his collection of skeletons of strange human beings and animals. Some of them were dug up in the ancient cities, buried under hundreds of feet of sand in the desert of Gobi. "Old Virchow and other scientists will be delighted with them, I'm sure."

Among the animal skeletons are those of the wild camel, wild ass and wild ox, called yak, also complete skeletons of foxes, dogs and the rare specimens of genus Felis. Then there are cases upon cases full of bugs and lizards and other creeping things, among them the one-limbed lizard Hedin found on the Roof of the World, after going without the sight of a living thing, animal or plant, for ten long days and nights.

"Absolutely nothing grew there; not a blade of grass, not a fly, not a worm, not a bird—nothing, nothing, nothing. It was the most absolutely dead region I ever struck—until I found this two-inch lizard, which seemed glad when I took him up in my hands. I would give a great deal to have been able to keep him alive. He died in a week's time. But I shall keep his body always with me in its alcohol grave. There isn't a museum rich enough to buy him—no museum, and no Mr. Morgan."

Who is Mr. Morgan, by the way, whom I heard mentioned so often since I reached St. Petersburg? He must be a millionaire, I suppose."

KING SENT FOR HEDIN.

We were still talking when a royal messenger arrived post haste, asking Dr. Hedin to visit King Oscar at the very earliest moment. Afterward the doctor showed me a very beautiful piece of jewelry that the King had presented him—the Order of the Star of the North, first class. "His Majesty listened to me for three hours," said Hedin, "and in recognition of my services conferred upon me the dignity and station of a nobleman."

Scientific men and thinking people in general are indignant because King Oscar thought so little of Hedin as to give him an empty title, a commodity that can be bought in the open market all over Europe. "Ennoble Hedin—as if he were a discoverer of pretty women instead of new worlds," cried a well-known university professor when he heard of the act. Of course Dr. Hedin can stand it and will probably outlive the thing, just as Bismarck outlived the title of Duke of Lauenburg, given him by William II after his dismissal. But the Norwegians will probably make the King's action a pretext for vituperation. Norway has no more respect for hereditary titles than the United States.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

Dr. Hedin rested five days after arriving in this city. To-day he is already head over heels in literary labors, for a man like him does not know the meaning of the word rest.

"I have no time to idle. I must make money," he said, "must make it as quickly as possible. Personally the trip cost me 35,000 kroners; that made a big hole in my modest private fortune. All told, it ate up twice as much, though King Oscar, the Czar and other generous friends contributed the greater part of the expenses."

"To get back some of my money, I have decided to write a popular history of my journeys first. When that is done I will follow it up with a work on a larger scale, one that addresses itself to the scientific world. This latter will have all my maps, while the first will contain the greater part of the photographic material."

"Wonder in Sweden, Dordrecht in St. Petersburg, Brockhaus in Germany and Harpers in the United States."

"The work of getting the popular edition ready will occupy fully two years, the material being so vast. As to its scope and general contents, I have them already arranged in my mind."

"I think I shall have to," replied Hedin, pointing to a number of telegrams in which the Geographical Society in London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg and other cities asked him for an early visit.

"And what are your plans for the future, when you get through writing and lecturing?"

"Ah," replied Hedin, "I am in for it now and for all time. I shall have to go back and do a little more exploring in Central Asia."

So that your correspondent "might not go away empty-handed" Dr. Hedin allowed him to take down the "Story of His Last Expedition."

## TRYING TO REACH LHASSA.

"On the 15th of May, 1901, I broke camp at Tarkhill and started directly for the Tibetan high plateau, the northernmost part. Being anxious to pass unnoticed, I took only a few men with me, but when we reached Lake Korm-koll we caught up with my main caravan, consisting of thirty-nine camels, thirty horses, seventy-five donkeys and thirty men. These were my reserves, and I ordered them to fall behind and await instructions."

"The precaution was quite useless, for the greater part of this caravan succumbed to the climate and the rest to Tibetan brigands or soldier-brigands. The cold was most intense, thirty degrees Celsius being not uncommon. Still later we endured some of the most terrific rainstorms I ever met with. They lasted for days and days—it seemed like a succession of cloudbursts."

"When we finally reached the neighborhood of Lhasa, we were sadly reduced in bodily strength, but our courage was good, and we might have succeeded in our undertaking if the enemy hadn't proved so strong in numbers. But there was no use getting killed just for the sake of playing martyr. His health that neither cold nor rust destroys."

"—M. A. B. Kelly, in Leslie's Weekly."

## PRISONERS FOR FIVE DAYS.

"When the officials saw that we had no intention of fighting they became quite amiable and treated me in particular with much deference. At the same time they provided me with ample provisions without asking or expecting payment. After twenty-four hours the officials went back to Lhasa, leaving thirty-seven soldiers to guard us. They were fierce fellows, armed to the teeth and cruel of aspect. I am sure they never thought of sleep all the time we were with them. Probably nothing would have suited these savages better than an opportunity for cutting our throats, but I had my men well in hand, and the period of imprisonment passed without friction. It lasted five days. On the morning of the 6th the Governor rode up in state splendor. It is a mistake to think that Tibetans have no eye for color and beauty. The Governor and his party were most gorgeous to look upon and splendidly mounted. I counted sixty-seven commissioned officers in the Governor's suite. The Governor's interpreter sought me out at once and brought me an invitation to dine with his master. But I declined, as I said I desired to leave Tibet alive."

"My refusal seemed to enrage the Governor so he refused to enter into negotiations and told me point blank that I must not proceed another step forward if I valued my life. 'One step and you are my prisoner, Mr. Englishman,' said the official. He insisted upon treating me as an Englishman. Probably he did not know of any other European nation."

ESCORTED TO THE BORDER.

"Seeing that protests were useless I consented to return without trouble, whereupon the Governor provided me with an escort of twenty horsemen and three officers to guard against robbers."

"We reached headquarters on Aug. 20, and after recuperating a bit I decided to try again. This time I sought to reach Lhasa from the west, but after five days' travel encountered a body of native troops, whose commander informed me that he knew my purpose and was determined to keep me out of Lhasa, no matter at what cost."

"There were 200 of these fierce warriors, and it would have been certain death to defy them. However, to show that we were not wholly in their power I informed the general that I could kill some forty or more of his men before they had time to load their guns. He was so taken aback that he became very civil. Doubtless he had

## JOHN W. GATES, WHO CORNERED CORN.



Mr. Gates has many irons in the fire. He manufactures steel, speculates in Wall Street, runs railways, plays poker for high stakes, it is said, and does many other things in trying to grow very rich. He engineered the July corn corner, but dropped it when the farmers began flooding the market with the surplus crop of 1900. Mr. Gates, however, is credited with making a million dollars or so out of the deal.

heard of the modern rifle. He allowed us to proceed westward, but seeing that I could not get rid of him I tried to reach the frontier in the quickest way possible. Our friends escorted us to the very gate posts of Ladak, where we were received with great honors by the victory of India. OSTEN-SACKEN.

## PIONEER SHOES.

"If people nowadays had to be set back fifty years they wouldn't know how to live," remarked the oldest man in a little group of elderly men, who were holding an impromptu "old settlers' meeting" on the sidewalk at a corner drug store. "Take the single item of shoes, for instance. When I was a boy, seventy-five years ago, my father was the shoemaker in a little country neighborhood; you could hardly call it a village, the log cabins were so scattered."

"He sometimes worked at home, but generally he traveled from house to house, or farm to farm, repairing or making shoes for families. Of course, in summer, shoes were not much worn by country people; even the grown men and women went barefooted most of the time. It is queer how early habit clings to people. In college, I had a roommate, now an eminent Western professor, who used to slip off his shoes whenever we were studying together in our room at night. I inferred that he had been a country boy, who had spent much of his life barefooted, and he admitted that my deduction was correct."

"Well, as my father had to make shoes for a whole neighborhood, his own family of nine children had a hard time to get shoes. Late in the autumn, after all his outside work was nearly done, he would begin to make shoes for us. I remember he worked on our shoes at night, by candle light, and every child had to hold the candle for father while his own shoes were being made. As I was the fifth child, my patience was sorely tried, waiting for my turn to hold the candle; and often it was nearly Christmas before the ninth child got her shoes. Sometimes mother got out of patience and made her own shoes. They were clumsy, of course, but after all they were shoes."

A Thought.

Life is but growth, and he is truly dead who finds no task for heart, no hand, no head; who smooths no path for coming feet to tread. Because, perchance, his days of youth are fled!

For youth and age both have their store of joys—A store that neither time nor change allows. And he who all his gifts for good employs, His wealth that neither moth nor rust destroys.

—M. A. B. Kelly, in Leslie's Weekly.

## TWO OF THE PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN.



Archie Roosevelt and His Pony.



Archie and Ethel Roosevelt, two of President and Mrs. Roosevelt's children, are enjoying life as only children can at Oyster Bay, N. Y., the summer home of the Roosevelts. Archie has a Shetland pony on which he plays "rough rider" as he dashes over the highways and across fields. Miss Ethel, the President's second daughter, is a favorite with everybody.

where." It was typically French from the male chambermaid, who used floor-polishers with his feet, to the cordial hostess, who inquired effusively each morning if I had made a bonne soiree. I had remained for several weeks, paying a daily rate, which no doubt established me as a very well-to-do American in the eyes of the hotel people—an impression which was confirmed when I got into the habit of using an automobile instead of the ordinary vulture for my trips about the city. When my bill was presented, therefore, it contained so many extras and overcharges that I was compelled to put in a strong protest, resulting, after some controversy, in a reduction of about \$7.50 in the total.

Then I said to madame what I had said to the clerk in Dublin: "What should I give the servants?" She was very willing to suggest. My male chambermaid, she thought, was entitled to \$4; the dining-room maid to \$4 and so on. I was rather overcome by her liberality. Diffidently I suggested that the amounts she named were rather large. "Would a Frenchman pay as much?"

"Oh, no," she replied. But then Paris servants knew "the Americans" and always expected more from them.

When I left the hotel on the following day I gave the servants just half the amounts madame had named and they seemed entirely satisfied. They should have been, because at this hotel "service" is charged as an extra, and where "service" is charged in a continental hotel, whatever is given the servants is a pure gratuity.

In fact all over Great Britain and the continent a servant will take any sum however small, though not always gratefully. I gave an English porter a penny (2 cents) experimentally and he took off his hat and thanked me for it. A traveling companion held out a bright American 1-cent piece to a railroad official in Germany and he ran the length of the platform to get it.

## THEIR IDEAS ENLARGING.

But the English-speaking traveler—especially the American—does not get off without a protest sometimes if he gives small fees. At Calais I gave a French porter about 25 cents for carrying a few small pieces some ten yards from the train to the steamer, and he made a strong protest that it was not enough. Really, a smaller sum would have paid him well unless the steamship company took part of his fees. At Dover a porter who handled my luggage told me that the shilling I tendered him was no more than he paid for the privilege of working on the pier.

At some places portage fees are fixed and if one understands the charges there is no dispute. This is the case at Naples, where a facchino demanded twice what I wanted to pay him for handling my luggage and a policeman quickly decided that he was entitled to only 50 per cent. more than I had tendered.

In most of the Italian cities whatever you give to the porter goes into a common fund to be divided. A head porter with a tin box watches his assistants, and all their takings must be dropped into the box. At Florence I gave a particularly active facchino twice his fee and his desperate expression when he had to put it all in the box was so comic that I gave him a few cents extra, telling the head porter that it was the man's personal prerogative.

This system of making a common tip fund is followed also in the Paris restaurants. Everything received goes into a box in the middle of the room. When the head waiter has taken his share of this money he divides the remainder among his associates.

In most of the continental hotels the head waiter receives a general tip for service when he presents his bill. Whether any of this ever filters down to the table waiters I do not know; but I know that at Rome I was told that all tips went to the head waiter and I had to smuggle a little extra sum to the waiter who had looked after my individual wants.

Old travelers tell me that Americans are spoiling the railroad servants, especially in England.

"I used to give the porter three pence," one of them said to me, "but now he expects six pence for the same service. A great many Americans give him a shilling and presently that will be his standard."

I have in fact encountered railway porters who told me plainly that six pence was "very little" for taking a few pieces of hand luggage from the train to my cab just across the platform.

## LIMITING THE BAGGAGE.

A gratuity of this kind is naturally proportioned to the service, and many British travelers on the continent carry no trunks. In Italy and Switzerland every pound which goes into the luggage van must be paid for. I met two English parties this year doing Italy and Switzerland with nothing but hand luggage. In each case there were two women and one man, and they seemed to get along fairly well, though the women would evidently have been happier if they could have carried a few more hats. These parties had heavy, bulky hand luggage, and I have no doubt they paid double fees to the porters wherever they went.

The railway porter on the continent can carry an astonishing load. At one time I had nine pieces, large and small, including two cameras and some very heavy packages of glass plates. In Italy it took two porters to handle this load. But in Switzerland one old man shouldered the whole lot. The Swiss had a strip of twisted cloth which he tied to one package, and, passing it through the handles of two traveling bags, fastened it to a second package and swung the load across one shoulder. One camera strap he passed over the other shoulder. Then he tucked a package under each arm and took another in each hand. He staggered a little, but he reached his destination safely and received his 20-cent fee cheerfully.

The Swiss porter, by the way, is known as a *dentsman*; the German is a *gepackträger*; the Italian a *fucchino*, and the French a *commisageur*.

These porters in some places pay for the privilege of wearing a cap and carrying luggage, just as the waiters in some French restaurants pay a weekly sum for their positions. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## Failed to Bring the Pork.

Philadelphia Times.

Colonel McClure tells a story of his school-days up-State. One of his classmates, a small and trimly built boy, timidly approached the schoolmaster, one afternoon, and inquired if he might bring an offering of fresh pork, explaining that the folks at home were about to kill a pig. The schoolmaster thanked the boy and said he would be delighted with a portion of a week or more passed with no sign of the pork; and the teacher good-naturedly inquired of the boy what had become of his good intentions.

"P-p-pork, sir," faltered the boy, "the pig got b-b-better."

A Morning.

The glad, mad wind went singing by. The white clouds came without the blue, The beauty of the morning sky. And all the world was sun and dew. And sweet, cold air, with sudden glints of gold. Like spilled stars glowing in the cedars' hold.

I laughed for very joy of life. Oh! thrilling winds, oh! happy heart, Of this glad world with beauty here. Excuse that we, too, are a part. Beloved! Rejoice! that miracle of birth Gave us this golden heritage of earth.

Oh! bold, blue sky, oh! keen, glad wind, I wonder me in this world. Some day, "leaving life behind, Our eyes shall view new land, new sea. So exquisite that words shall fail to breathe. We shall laugh loud for very joy of death."

—Theodora Garrison, in the Bookman.

## BEGINNING OF THE END



Our great July Sale of Tailor-made Suits, Wash Dresses, Traveling Coats and Light-weight Jackets is drawing to a close. This event has outshone all former ones, and for three weeks there has been a daily throng of pleased customers in our store. Some of the lines are entirely closed out, others only a few sizes left, but there are styles in which every size may yet be had. New prices have been put on these for this week's selling to clean them up. The following gives an idea of this great BARGAIN CHANCE.

## You Know Our Qualities.

\$8.75 for Tailor-made Suits, black and colors, sold up to \$16.50.  
\$10.00 for Tailor-made Suits, all choice styles, sold up to \$20.00.  
\$15.00 for Beautiful Tailored Suits, black and colors, sold up to \$27.50.  
\$20.00 for Tailored Suits that sold early in the season up to \$40.00.  
\$30.00 for choice of any Suit in our house, some of them sold up to \$75.00.

## Wash Dresses and Wash Skirt Bargains.

\$3.75 for Wash Dresses sold up to \$9.00. \$1.50 for Wash Skirts sold up to \$2.50.  
\$4.75 for Wash Dresses sold up to \$10.00. \$2.00 for Wash Skirts sold up to \$3.50.  
\$5.75 for Wash Dresses sold up to \$12.50. \$2.50 for Wash Skirts sold up to \$4.50.  
\$6.50 for Wash Dresses sold up to \$15.00. \$2.50 for Wash Skirts sold up to \$5.00.

## SHIRTWAIST REDUCTIONS.

39c for Percale Shirtwaists, worth 75c. \$1.19 A grand collection of Colored Gingham and Madras Waists, plain colors and stripes, sold up to \$1.75.

Big reductions on all finer Waists, including many novelties in dainty creations trimmed in narrow rows of insertions, embroideries and French tuckings, a most elegant assortment of high-grade Waists to be slaughtered in order to close them out in a hurry.

## SEPARATE DRESS SKIRTS.

\$5 for extra quality Black Cheviot Dress Skirts, unlined, neatly tailored, sold at \$7.50.  
\$7.50 Fine Dress Skirts in Broadcloth, Cheviot, Venetian and Homepun, exclusive styles and shapes, a great variety to choose from and worth up to \$12.50.  
Fine Flannelette Dress Skirts, exquisite qualities, new models, with deep French flounce and silk drop, all reduced from a third to a half less than former prices.

## SPECIAL IN CHILDREN'S JACKETS 4 to 14 Years

We will place on sale to-morrow morning on a Special Bargain Counter about 12 Children's Jackets. AT JUST ONE-HALF former prices. They are all good styles for fall wear. Our only object in making this big reduction is to create room for our immense fall stock, which will soon begin to arrive.

Bester & Langey

## Hammock Sale

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